

14/4/1

THE CANDIDATES.

Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille Velina;
Hor.



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THE CANDIDATES.

Whilft distant Climates mourn their Fate,
In *Vanquish'd Laws*, and more than Rega
(State

Where all Things are by *Force* Decreed,

Even Life and Death

Depend upon a *Single Breath*,

And *Priest-Rid Slaves* are Taught at Will to Bleed.

Where *King* and *Tyrant's* a promiscuous Name;

Where abject Groans debase

The Subjects Spirits, and the Monarchs raise;

Where Liberty's enchanting sound

Amongst the happier Birds is only found,

And the most Loyal are most Tame,

And

Thou

Thou! Envy'd *Britain*, hast maintain'd thy Right,
 Trampled the bold Invaders down,
Dispensing Judges, and th' *Aspiring Gown*;
 Repair'd the Breaches of the State,
 Widen'd by *Upstarts*, and th' *Ignobly Great*,
 By Laws still Ballancing *Imperious Might*.

I I.

For these thy *Free-born Sons* have bravely stood,
 When in the famous *Runny-Mead*,
 In brilliant Armour clad,
 The Patriots commanding Steel,
 To the Great Charter fix'd the Seal,
 Eager to Die, and lavish of their Blood.
 From this Undaunted Strife,
 In dying pangs w've found relief,
 Scorning all Pompous Chains for Liberty,
 Since Birth, as well as Nature, stamp'd us Free.
 Hence the great Priviledge is handed down,
 Of Making Acts in Concert with the Crown.
 Hence

Hence the Triennial Choice
 Of Candidates, by Publick Voice,
 The People's Boast, and *Atlas* of the Throne,

I I I.

Before the Day of Choice came on,
Jago and *Hanno* Candidates appear'd;
Jago, with Fierceness, pressing to be heard,
 Vaunted the Service he had done,
 Paying to All his Homage low,
Jago in three Years Space forgot to bow:
 The Women first he made secure,
 (All tamely stoop to *their* perswasive *Lure*)
 Dealing each She an Am'rous Squeeze,
 They, the Chief Leaders in this Civil Strife,
 A Burrough must be govern'd by a Wife;
 And Darting pow'rful *Guinea* in each Kiss,
 The *Guinea's* Yellow Blaze
 Inform'd each Female Tongue,

Jago was Honest, Gay, and Young;
And whilst the *Beer* and *Brandy* lasted, rang his Praise.

IV

The Women once by Glitt'ring Presents gain'd,

Jago, in Course, attacks the Men,

They to the weaker Side too fondly lean,

And tenderly his Crimes arraign:

His flowing Bowls to the Impostor's Health,

His Stiffness for the Antient Line,

And long Descants on Right Divine,

His Ardour to advance

Britain, by Yielding up her Trade to *France*;

His strange Positions, how to set us free,

By *French* eternal *Slavery*;

With the Rich spoils of new acquir'd Wealth,

Were all such pointed Truths, that he,

With his *St. Omer's Sophistry*,

Could not a Free-born *English Soul*,

Against

Against unerring Light, controul;
 Therefore, in Formal Speech,
 He strives th' unguarded to o'er-reach,
 The busy Zealots round their Idol range,
 And Jago thus began his Popular Harangue.

V.

Ye know, my Friends, the Toils I have sustain'd,

In my dear Country's Cause,

Rescu'd the Church, and Reinforc'd the Laws:

Stemming the Juncto's Pride,

Which, like an impetuous Tide,

O'erswell'd the Banks, and wast'd all the Land,

The wond'rous Acts of Three Years past,

With Joy transports your View,

To greater Things we mean to do,

Which the next Age shall feel as well as taste.

The Haughty Dutch, fir'd with unequal Sway,

Have been compell'd to yield

The

The wanton Glories of the Field:

Whilst the Dejected Gaul,

Crush'd with the Horror of his Fall,

Is rais'd to Breath a-while; and then Obey.

All we have Crown'd with Glorious Peace,

And Twenty Millions gives you lasting Ease;

Which France, tho' back'd with Spanish Gold and Men,

Dares not attempt to shake,

Or the least Puncto of the Treaty break:

But if so hardy to Resist,

Fleets will be Rigg'd as quick as Soldiers List,

And our New Hero shall soon humble her agen:

The broken Faction ne'er shall rise,

Unless pil'd up for Sacrifice;

All that Delight in War,

With their aspiring Chief, are scatter'd far,

And Halcyon Days shall over-blest the Coming Age.

V I.

As Jago clos'd his Speech, a Servile Throng,

Deck'd

Deck'd with *Cockades* of Green,

The Livery of St. George's Men,

Applaud the rapid Flowings of his Tongue:

They who with strong Attention heard,

Marking with nicer Scrutiny

His Words, and Mien, and Motion of his Eye,

Perceiv'd their Passions only rais'd,

And the Ear rather warm'd than pleas'd;

But not a Stain wash'd out, or Blemish clear'd.

Jago a glorious Scene had spread

Of what had been, and what might be

Done to promote our Trade and Harmony:

But his Presumptive Word,

Like *Bona Fide* of some Prince, or Lord,

Weigh'd little, but with those who had been feed.

V II.

Hanno, to Morals just, all Fraud defy'd,

By nobler Arts he strives to win,

Joyn'd to his honest Looks and Mien,

His open Soul wore no Disguise,
 Staunch to the Crown, and *British* Liberties,
 Which can't the least *Encroachment* bear,
 The Bounds so nice, and so determin'd are.

He said but little of the Three past Years,
 Or flatter'd to Excess
 Our boasted Happiness,
 Nor dwelt on some Men's Hopes, and others Fears,
 But to the present Exigence apply'd.

V I I I.

Since Fortune, with propitious Smiles,
Has bless'd my honest Toils,
And Lavish, in her Grant,
Has plac'd me far above the Sphere of Want,
Such large Supplies will me acquit
From the mean Jealousy of growing Great
Out of the Plunder of a State;
Or Voting blindly for a Bill,
To drain the Subject, and Exchequer fill,

The greatest Insult on the People's Right :
But my dear Country's Good,
Redeem'd with such Expence and Blood,
Demands my Aid,
Proukes an Ardour, and inspires Zeal :
The unnat'ral Foe
Does his own Mother's Bowels tear,
Against his common Parent Wages War
Reaches an unsuspected Blow,
And from within the Cittadel's betray'd.
I feel the British Genius swell,
And heave, in ev'ry Part,
Crowding with Vigour to my Heart :
She mourns the uncomely Scars,
Grav'd with Domestick Fars,
Pity's your abject Cast of Soul,
Your Lust of Slavery,
After such Struggles made to set you free,
Your strong Propensions to Despotick Rule,

After Great WILLIAM, with his pow'ful Hand,
 Had struck the Monsters dead,
 Which ravag'd o'er the Land;
 Knock'd off your Chains, and the Gall'd Nation freed.
 Then starts to hear your warm Debates,
 Your busy Trifles, and unmanly Heats,
 About th' imaginary Right of one
 To this Imperial Throne,
 Who, if by Folly priviledg'd to come,
 Arm'd with French Faith, and Latian Bigottry,
 Britain attend thy Doom.
 The Sword he draws
 Keen with Revenge, and edg'd for Holy Cause,
 Thy Fields he'll waste, and Towns with Purple Stains he'll
 [dye.

I X.

At this he paus'd a-while, to give a Loose
 To th' ungovernable Tide,
 Swelling each Vein with noble Pride,

To

To ease the Heart's oppressing Flood,
 And circulate the Vital Blood,
 By eager Speech pent up too close ;
 Then Casting his Eyes round
 On the tumultuous Throng,
 With Woollen Tufts and Fleecy Garlands Crown'd,
 He re-assum'd his Tongue.
With Horror, my dear Friends, I must repeat
That bold intended Rape
On your Chief Branch of Trade ;
With Joy Congratulate
Your Respite, but can't hope for your Escape.
My Fears presage
What Miseries will come,
On the Succeeding Age,
From the neglected Loom,
And Commerce, in that tender Vein, betray'd.
 Whilst Hanno touch'd on Trade, a gentle Dew

Sprung from each tender Part,
 Sure *Index* of a Gen'rous Heart,
 From busy Purlings to a Torrent grew,
 They flush'd with Conscious Zeal,
 Their Lab'ring Transports can't conceal,
Hanno by every Swain was bless'd,
 And *unforc'd Plaudits Hanno's* Worth confess'd.

X.

The Candidates retir'd, and Shouts appeas'd,
 The Populace disperse in Haste,
 Intent on th' Elemozinary Feast;
 They must be glutt'd to be fully pleas'd:
 Bumpers of Nappy Ale go round,
 One a Capacious Tun,
 In his wild Fancy, swallows down;
 Others more warily engage,
 Finding a Deluge coming on,

Use all their Art to stem it's Rage;
 And the fallacious Depths with Caution sound;
 Just as in mighty Wrecks at Sea,
 Some blindly plunge into the Deep,
 To an eternal Sleep,
 Whilst others, fond of drawing longer Breath,
 And shrinking from the Grasp of Death,
 The narrow Respite waste,
 Upon some Plank, or shatter'd Mast,
 Till swallow'd in the rising Surges die.

X I.

Jago's Electors were of lofty Crest,
 No Form or Rule,
 Could such unbounded Minds controul;
 They in Extreame delight,
 Profuse in Talk, and frugal of their Wit;
 They scorn'd the puny Mode,
 Of Drinking in the common Road,

For

For he that drank the most, excell'd the rest.

The Amber Spirit pierc'd each Vein,

Quick'n'd each Pulse, and rous'd the lazy Blood;

Thro' Foggy Channels swelling to the Brain;

Then every Man, as his warm Fancy led,

Talk'd of the Living and the Dead;

Their Betters were the first arraign'd,

One had the Publick Treasure mis-apply'd,

And in the lucky Minute dy'd.

Another, warn'd of thick'ning Dangers, fled,

To save his Enterprizing Head.

A Third, by giving up too much

To the Encroaching *Dutch*,

Had, in the Woollen Trade,

An Over-Ballance made,

Not spotless worth, or Innocence their *Tongues* restrain'd.

XII.

Fin

With Railing spent, a fresh supply of Ale

Discovers a new Scene,

Op'ning

Op'ning with Pious Healths to Church and Queen;

Such warm Petitions could not fail,

Religion still must intervene,

Where Boiling Liquors make the Spirits keen:

Inspir'd with Liquor, they,

Like the mad *Bacchanals* of old,

In Miferies grew bold,

When least dispos'd, most fervent are,

Joyn'd to a Maudlin Fear,

Amidst Contrition are most gay;

Strange Inconsistency of *Tory* Flight,

In awkward Ways they seem but good,

Their Loyalty's a Sally of the Blood,

Leading this Hour to *Wrong*, the next to *Casual Right*;

XIII.

Oh doubtful State of Duty in Excess!

All reeling in a State of Anarchy,

Profess a steady Loyalty;

Their big Addresses, and their drunken Vows,

Are but meer Pageant Shows,
Which neither *Church* or *Crown*
Safely could e'er rely upon :

Loud Cries, the coolest Passion still confess ;
But *Jago's* Party will pursue the Cry,
Drowning with empty Noise,
The sober and instructive Voice,
Till founder'd in a Sea of Drink,
Beneath the Vessel sink,
And stifled in their filthy Puddles lie.

XIV.

Before these awful *Healts* could pass,
Remus, the Bigot, toasts, on bended Knee,
Crossing his Breast,
And mutt'ring, in the Language of the Beast,
The Doctor, as next worthy in Degree,
In an unfathomable Glass,
For tho' he never sat in *Lambeth-Chair*,
Or Mitre grac'd his Head,

Yet

Yet more Illustrious Gifts were on him shed:

He, by discerning Grace, could spy

The Danger of the Church, before 'twas nigh,

And boldly beat to Arms;

In such Church Musick wond'rous Charms,

Rome's Great Defender, and the Sword of Holy War.

X V.

He foam'd a-while, then gathering fresh Breath,

Ob! Were the Pigmy Managers but here,

I'd rout them first, then charge them in the Rear.

My Soul, with Priestly Rancour warm,

Directs my unrelenting Arm;

Nay, with this Pious Rage,

I would their fiercest Chief engage,

He who, upon the Spanish Plain,

Obstructed our Design,

And chas'd the Bourbon Line,

Till Cooler Heads confirm'd their Reign,

Walpole should bleed,

That Patriot's perswasive Sounds I dread,
 When he for Liberty declares,
 He triumphs o'er the Mind, tho' wounds our Ears :
 I'd make one blazing Sacrifice
 Of their unballow'd Carcasses,
 And with Rome's Signet seal their Death.

XVI.

He fell, and the succeeding Victims wait
 Th' approaching Fate,
 Whilst Hanno's Partisans attentive, yet
 Chaf'd by the ill-manner'd Heat,
 Finding their Blood dissolv'd,
 Could not just Truths restrain,
 The coolest Men are best resolv'd,
 And throbbing Ulcers strive to ease their Pain.
 Silenus first the Silence broke,
 He, of true British Mould,
 Their sawcy Murmurs first provoke,
 And in his Country's Honour strengthens bold.

XVII.

*With senseless Clamours ye revile
 The happy'st Conduct, and the noblest Toil;
 Marlbro' will ever stand,
 Maugre your tricking Arts,
 The Refuge of ignoble Parts,
 And will, without an Army, still Command;
 His Trophies of successful War,
 Must make all Modern Generals despair.
 Sommers, and Sunderland, with matchless Skill,
 Did their Great Stations fill.
 Townshend with Honour must be nam'd,
 He who with strong Barriers had fix'd the Foe,
 Against the Dread of an Offensive Blow,
 For his try'd Worth defam'd.
 Godolphin's Justice will embalm his Name,
 The flying Rumours dissipate,
 Of those that blindly hate,
 And with his Martyr'd Innocence would blast his Fame.*

XVIII.

Comus, with Briskness, seconded the Blow,

Ye Bigots, with your Fi'ry Zeal,

Impair your Duty, when you strive t' excel;

In the same Glass ye joyn

The Black Delinquent, and your Sovereign,

And Impotent, by Over-Straining grow.

The Managers ye brave with Hostile Sound,

Who for their Country stood,

When your Church-Riots threaten'd loud,

When simple Piety became

A Slave to Church's more embroider'd Name;

Religion's deepest Wound;

All honest Britons know,

How much to Walpole's Manly Speech they owe.

To Lechmere's Mastery of the Laws,

What Thanks are due,

To the intrepid few,

Amidst the Storm Serene,

And

*And Steady, in the shifting Scene,
Who, in the trying Minute, made the Stand,
And a firm Sanction gain'd.*

*What to Great Parker's boundless Eloquence,
To Jekyll's Judgment, Thompson's winning Sense,
How much to Stanhope's Firmness, in so just a Cause.*

XIX.

*Portius, for Liberty tenacious, rose,
He spread his rugged Hands,
The Mien of Liberty respect Commands,
Te in a Free-born State,
Where Monarchs are ty'd down
To guard those Laws, by which they hold the Crown,
By nauseous Flatt'ry create
Prerogatives, the Standard-Laws ne'er own.
Nay, when for Free-born Rights you plead,
With such an Arbitrary Sway,
Te force your Way,
That stabs your Constitution dead,*

Witness

*Witness your Coventry Exploit,
Where, in the Contest for your Civil Right,
Ye push'd a Martial Law.
At Bristol the Electors scar'd,
And having all Arithmetick forgot,
In other Parts at Pleasure fix'd the Lot,
And Five against the Right of Nine declar'd :
Whilst in your Capital, ye Poll'd the Dead,
Driving with Terrour and inflicting Awe.
Enrag'd at this, the tott'ring Victims strive
To reach a Blow, and dying, can't forgive,
To Arms, in drivling Numbers cry,
And flutt'ring Nerves confess their Lab'ring Agony.*

F I N I S